Paſtoral Dialogue

BETWEEN

ALEXIS and STREPHON.

Written by the Right Honourable,

The Late Earl of Rocheſter.

At the *BATH*, 1674.

I.

Alex. THere ſighs not on the Plain
So loſt a Swain as I;
Scorcht't up with Love, frozen with Diſdain.
Of killing Sweetneſs I complain.
Streph. If 'tis *Corinna*, die.

II.

Since firſt my dazled Eyes were thrown
On that bewitching Face,
Like ruin'd Birds, rob'd of their Young,
Lamenting, frighted, and alone,
I fly from place to place.

III.

Fram'd by ſome Cruel Powers above,
So nice ſhe is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove,
Since all, who are not Blind, muſt Love;
Who are not vain, Deſpair.

IV.

Alex. The Gods no ſooner give a Grace,
But fond of their own Art,
Severely jealous, ever place
To guard the Glories of a Face,
A Dragon in the Heart.

V.

Proud and ill-natur'd Powers they are,
Who peeviſh to Mankind,
For their own Honour's ſake, with Care,
Make a ſweet Form divinely Fair,
And adds a Cruel Mind.

VI.

Streph. Since ſhe's inſenſible of Love,
By Honour taught to hate,
If we, forc'd by Decrees above,
Muſt ſenſible to Beauty prove,
How Tyrannous is Fate?

VII.

Alex. I to the Nymph have never nam'd
The Cauſe of all my pain.
Streph. Such Baſhfulneſs may well be blam'd;
For ſince to ſerve we're not aſham'd,
Why ſhould ſhe bluſh to Reign?

VIII.

Alex. But if her haughty Heart deſpiſe
My humble proffer'd One,
The juſt Compaſſion ſhe denies,
I may obtain from other's Eyes;
Hers are not Fair alone.

IX.

Devouring Flames require new Food;
My Heart's conſum'd almoſt:
New Fires muſt kindle in her Blood,
Or Mine go out, and that's as good.
Streph. Would'ſt live, when Love is loſt?

X.

Be dead before thy Paſſion dies;
For if thou ſhould'ſt ſurvive,
What Anguiſh would the Heart ſurprize,
To ſee her Flames begin to riſe,
And Thine no more Alive.

XI.

Alex. Rather what Pleaſure ſhou'd I meet
In my Tryumphant ſcorn,
To ſee my Tyrant at my Feet;
Whil'ſt taught by her, unmov'd I ſit
A Tyrant in my Turn.

XII.

Streph. Ungentle Shepherd, ceaſe for ſhame;
Which way can you pretend
To merit ſo Divine a Flame,
Who to dull Life makes a mean Claim,
When Love is at an End?

XIII.

As Trees are by their Bark embrac'd,
Love to my Soul doth cling;
When torn by th' Herd's greedy Taſte,
The injur'd Plants feel they're defac't,
They wither in the Spring.

XIV.

My rifled Love would ſoon retire,
Diſſolving into Aire,
Shou'd I that Nymph ceaſe to admire,
Bleſt in whoſe Arms I will expire,
Or at her Feet deſpair.

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